FOUNDERS OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM

Great Contempt for the Credulity of Their Dupes.

FIRST SPIRIT RAPPINGS

William B. Phillips in the Independent. Fifty years ago modern spiritualism arose

near and in Rochester, in New York. There were three Fox sisters-namely, Mrs. Leah Fish, a young widow, who afterward was Mrs. Underhill, the wife of the president of a New York insurance company; Margaret, better known as Maggie, and Catherine, also known generally as Kate. Leah was a half-sister, and much older than Maggie and Kate, and evidently an experienced woman. Maggie was born in 1836, and therefore could only be from twelve to thirteen years of age when the mysterious noises were first heard at Hydesville, Wayre county, N. Y., in 1848. Kate was younger than Maggie by nearly three years, and her age, consequently, would be about ten years. Mrs. Fox, the

mother, stated in an interview with her several years subsequent to the commencement of the "rappings" that the relative ages of Maggle and Kate were fourteen and twelve when the noises were first heard at Hydesville. It is highly probable that this simple-minded old lady spoke in an offhand sort of way and made a mistake of a year or two. But whether she did or not, it is certain that both the young sisters were merely children. And this fact is dwest upon by spiritualist believers as showing that these children were too young to practice deception, and it went far to induce many intelligent people to believe there must be some foundation for the manifestations exhibited afterward by the little Fox girls.

three, Leah, Maggie and Kate, are dead. Although Leah was much less known to the public in the inception and progress of spiritualism than her sisters, in fact, not professing to be a medium, she had never theless most to do with working up and carrying on the so-called spirit manifesta-tions. She was a shrewd, cunning and determined woman. Her little sisters were completely under her control, as also was the mother, who was a plain, uncultivated good-natured and credulous country wo

Remarkable Credulity.

Maggie, in later years, speaking one day to me of the credulity of the "old spiritualists," as she called them, told me that her mother even was a believer in spiritualism, and died believing in it, so well were the secret practices of her children kept from her. Then people sometimes hear or tell lies so long and persistently that they finally forget the origin of them and believe them to be true.

The so-called phenomena arose at the

house of Michael Weekman, village of Hydesville, Wayne county, N. Y. Week man, it was said, heard mysterious noises or knockings at his door. It was an old, dilapidated building. He left it in 1847, and then the Fox family went to live there, the rent being low and they being poor. They reported that mysterious sounds were heard by them in the house in March, 1848.

When Mrs. Fox, some years after, spoke of the matter she said: "The noises seemed to be in one of the bed rooms, and sounded as if some one was knocking on the floor or moving chairs. On Friday night we concluded to go to bed very early, because we had been broken of our rest so much. had just laid down in bed when the noise began. It commenced as usual. I knew it from all other noises I had ever heard. The girls. Maggie and Kate, who slept in the other bed of the room, heard the noise and tried to make a similar noise by snapping their fingers. As fast as the youngest one made the noise with her hands or fingers the sound was followed up in the making the same number of noises the girl did. When she stopped it stopped. The other girl then spoke in sport and said: Now, do just as I do-count one, three, four, etc., she striking one the other at the same time. The The blows which she made were repeated as before startled. I then said to the noise, 'Count ten in the same way, it making ten strokes. The ages of the children were rapped out. I asked if it were a human being making the noise, but no response came. I asked if it were a spirit to signify by two sounds, and two were made."

Public Manifestations.

A few months after these alleged manifestations the Fox family removed from Hydesville to Rochester, where they resided with Mrs. Leah Fish, the half-sister of the two little girls. The rappings continued in that city and other people be gan to have like rappings. Generally the rappings of the Fox sisters were only heard when they were together. They went to Auburn and other places in that section of New York, where in 1849 they made their "manifestations" before an audience in a

In May, 1850, they went to New York city, where their proceedings became the topic of much public discussion. At the same time spiritualist "mediums" sprang up in many different parts of the country, the business having become too enticing prospects of profit, to escape adventures in

When spiritualism had become a flourish ing business Maggie and Kate used to make noises by snapping their toe and finger Joints. Maggie especially was an adept in thus making distinct and sharp sounds. Besides every skilled conjuter knows there are different ways of producing sounds or rappings the source of which would be unown to an audience.

While the family remained at Hydesville While the family remained at Hydesville the sensation was only local, and investigation did not go far, but when, three months after, they left the "haunted" house and went to live at Rochester with Leah Fish quite a spiritualistic revival commenced. Mrs. Fox, the mother, practically disappeared and only knew what her daughters did or proposed to do just as they daughters did or proposed to do just as they thought proper to tell her. Leah perceived at once, evidently, that by proper manage-ment the sensation that had been started could be made profitable by bringing her-self as well as her sisters to more promi-nence in life and in getting money. Having taken charge of Maggie and Kate she had absolute control over them. After entering upon a course of deception they could not for their own sakes their own sakes c mfess they were or had been deceivers. Certainly Maggie and Kate dared not do so while under the firm hand of Leah. The progress of spiritual-ism after having been thus started is known

generally and need not be related here. Good Looking Girls.

Both Maggie and Kate were good looking. or, as some would say, pretty; short in stature and slight in figure, but with wellrounded forms. Their features were regular but small. Their childlike, winsome manner and good nature when they first came into public notice won for them the favor of the people in general.

Dr. Kane, the celebrated arctic explorer, met Maggie in the second year of her appearance before the public, when she was about sixteen or seventeen years old, fell in love with her, became engaged to her, and made arrangements to prepare her to to the arctic region in 1853 he insisted that Maggie should give up the spiritual medium ship, and he provided the means to have her properly educated during his absence in the north; consequently she was placed intention, no doubt, was to marry her. But when he returned in 1855 from the health was broken and he never recov ered it. He died not long after. Magi and although this was denied by and although this was denied by some of Dr. Kane's relatives she assumed the name of Kane and was ever after known as Margaret, or Maggie, Fox Kane. Dr. Kane left her a small income from his estate, which she drew for several years; but when she published in 1865 her book, entitled "The Love Life of Dr. Kane," containing letters and fac similes, the Kane family were in-dignant and stopped her income. In 1868

practice spiritualism. Somewhat later she relapsed and returned to spiritualism, part-

ly because she was in needy circumstances and partly through the incessant calls upon her by spiritualists for seances and so called spirit communications. One day 1 asked Maggle why she had gone back to spiritualism, when she replied she had to do something for a living, and then added, with much disgust: "The old fools, they will have it."

will have it." Kate Fox went to England some about 1871, and there married a Mr. Jenc-ken, a barrister of the Temple and an accomplished man, but a spiritualist. He be-came acquainted with her through her per-formances as a medium. In a letter to me, dated London, September 19, 1875, she says: "Since my marriage I am quite out of spiritualism."

When Leah married Mr. Underhill, a man in a good position, and she was well pro-vided for, she abandoned spiritualism as a business. Previous to her marriage, however, her sisters, after they grew up to womanhood, quarreled with her and carried on the spiritualistic business inde-

Maggie went to England in September, 1876. In a letter to me, dated London, De-cember 6, 1877, referring to her brother-in-law, Mr. Jencken, with whom she had quar-reled, and to some other spiritualists, is

the following verbatim extract: Held Them in Contempt.

"Jencken, withal, is a fanatic, and of all things on earth I detest fanatics the most. Have you read of the slaughter of the Philadelphia spiritual fanatics? Only imagine their invented spirit names, as in the list are Billy the bootblack, Red Cloud, Spirit Water, etc., etc. They had the name of the Blessed Virgin. What old fools! One of the faithful was a Mr. S., one of the wealthiest men of Philadelphia. He had spent a hundred thousand dollars in his great effort after truth, and at last he has got it-and as the naughty little boys in the street say he has got it bad. Pardon me for stooping he has got it bad. Farton me for stooping so low as to quote the language of the naughty street boys, but it comes in so apropos that I cannot help it."

At another time she wrote humorously:

At another time she wrote humorously:
"Yours in sisterly love, as the old spiritualists would say. Apropos, how are you
progressing in the faith? Do you believe as
of yore?" She knew well I did not believe in the

silly fraud, and that I had all along begged of her to repudiate it; but this was her way of showing I was a disbeliever and of mak-ing fun of the "old spiritualists."

In the same humorous vein she wrote on another occasion:

"Imagine how happy I am to hear that you are still in the land of the living. I was a little fearful that you had 'passed away,' and that perhaps you were giving some startling manifestations through some spiritual madium." spiritual medium."

I could cite many other sarcastic and huexpressions, and also of disgust, from both Maggie and Kate, when writing or speaking of spiritualism and spiritual-ists, all going to show their disbelief and contempt; but the above instances are sufficient to convince any intelligent person,

A Typical Seance.

When I first met Maggle it was at the residence of distinguished people, who were inquiring into or gratifying their curiosity about spiritualism. In the evening a seance was held, all sitting around a table with hands joined. Previous to sitting down I told Maggie in a whisper that I did not believe in the spiritualistic stuff, but that I tion that while my thighs were being gnawwould not give expression to that to the others present nor reveal any of her secrets. As a consequence she placed me by Kaffir, who was hovering a few yards crets. As a consequence she placed me by her side at the table, where she could release her hand from mine whenever she mediately the lion died and rolled off me I shall be a constructed as the scrambled up and took a loaded rifle and chose, which no one would perceive, as the room was darkened; and she did take her hand from mine at times when the customary rappings, with questions and answers, were going on. Subsequently I was at many other seances in different places with both Maggie and Kate, and they, knowing my disbellef, never asked me to communicate with subsequently applying appropriate at the seame with spirits, being conscious at the same time that I would keep my promise not to betray them as long as they lived. All the sisters being now dead, I am free to state

the above facts. Although they made no public revelation of the deception they had been led into and practiced, fearing, no doubt, an outery of condemnation against them while living, I am sure their minds were oppressed by what they had done. For many of the later years of their lives Maggie and Kate sought mental relief and oblivion by spells of drinking and intoxication. Naturally they were not bad girls, but were good-natured and kind. They were the victims of the circumstances by which they were surcircumstances by which they rounded and from which they able to escape. Had they been placed from childhood and in early womanhood under good moral influence and favorable circumstances, there is reason to believe their lives would have been marked by truthfulness nodesty and propriety.

Ballad of Lieut. Miles.

Clinton Scotlard in Harper's Weekly. When you speak of dauntless deeds,
When you tell of stirring scenes,
Tell this story of the isles
Where the endless summer smiles— Where the endless summer smi Tell of young Lleutenant Miles In the far-off Philippines!

Twas the Santa Ana fight !--All along the rebel line
From the thickets dense and dire
Gushed the fountains of their fire;
You could mark their rifles' ire,
You could hark their bullets' whine.

Little wonder there was pause!
Some were wounded, some were dead;
"Call Lieutenant Miles!" He came,
In his eyes a fearless flame.
"Yonder blockhouse—that's our aim!"
The battalion leader said.

"You must take it-how you will; You must break this damned sp "Volunteers!" he cried. "Twas vain,
For that narrow tropic lane
'Twixt the bannoo and the cane
Was a very lane of hell.

There were five stool forth at last;

There were are stoon form at last, God above, but they were men!
"Come!"—oh, blithely thus he saith!—
Did they falter? Not a breath!
Down the path of hurtling death
The Lieutenant led them then.

Two have fallen—now a third!
Forward dash the other three;
In the onrush of that race
Ne'er a swerve nor stay of pace.
And the rebels—dare they face
Such a desperate company?

Panic gripped them by the throat— Every rebel rifleman; And as though they seemed to see In those charging foemen three An avenging destiny, Fierce and fast and far they ran.

So a salvo for the six! So a round of ringing cheers! Heroes of the distant isles Where the endless summer smiles Gallant young Lieutenant Miles And his vallent voluntees. And his valiant vol

Death.

om the Denver News. m the Denver News.

Death is a name. Death is the portal
Unto a higher way.

Life is eternal. Man is immortal,
Rising victorious,
Radiant, glorious,
Out of the ciay;
Out of the bounds of time,
Into the realins sublime,
Into the day.

Into the day.

Desiderium.

Hold, Time, a little while thy glass, And Youth, fold up those peacock w More rapture fills the years that pass Than any hope the future brings; Some for tomorrow rashly pray. And some desire to hold today, But I am sick for yesterday.

Since yesterday the bills were blu Since yesterday the mins were blue.

That shall be gray forever more.

And the fair sunset was shot through
With color never seen before!

Tyrannic Love smiled yesterday,

And lost the terrors of his sway.

But it is God again today.

Ah, who will give us back the past?
Ah, woe, that youth should love to be
Like this swift Thames that speeds so fast.
And is so fain to find the sea—
That leaves this maze of shadow and sleep.
These creeks down which blown blossoms creep.
For breakers of the homeless deep.
—EDMUND GOSSE.

Heart's Grief. I stood at her picture gazing, And backward my dark dreams ran, And the dear, dear face before me To live, somehow, began.
Her lips, around them gathered
A smile, in some wondrous wis
And tears of yearning sadness
Stood glistening in her eyes. Stood glistening in her eyes.

And down my cheeks the tears, too,
Flowed on in unbidden stream;
And, oh, that I've loat thee, darling.

Seems only a wildered dream!

More Painful-Some Remarks able Escapes.

From the London Spectator.

The attacks of the lesser carnivora smaller in proportion to man, are frequently very painful; but matters are so ordered that the bite of a dog or a ferret is usually more painful than the injuries inflicted by the jaws of the lion. The instances quoted are very numerous and striking and properly grouped according to locality, or the species of the attacking beast. In Somaliland the experiences of the bitten are supplemented by Capt. Abud, the resident at Berbera, who has had a long experience of cases, English and native, as most of the former, unless killed outright, which very seldom happens, are brought to

He states that "the view that no actua pain is suffered at the time seems almost universal. In most cases it would seem that there was no knowledge of the actual contact, even in the first rush of a lion, much less of any pain experienced from tooth wounds." This was the view not only of the English, but of natives. In one or two cases where consciousness was entirely lost, the person "came to" while the lion was still standing over him, a period of complete anaesthesia and unconsciousness having intervened. But more commonly those who have been attacked and have recovered are conscious all the time, and if they suffer at all do not feel acute pain. This may be accounted for partly by the shock given by the charge which forms the usual preliminary to being wounded. A lion comes at its enemy at full speed, galloping low, and dashes a man standing upright to the ground by the full impact of its body. Maj. Inverarity states that "the claws and teeth entering the flesh do not hurt as much as you would think," but that the squeeze given by the jaws on the bone is really painful. When knocked over he was still keenly conscious, and felt none of the dreamy sensation experienced by Livingstone.

Maj. Swaine, struck down by a lioness

going full gallop, was unconscious for some minutes, and did not know what had hap-pened till he found himself standing up after the accident. "I felt no pain," he writes, "not, I believe, owing to any spe-cial interposition of Providence, but simply that the shock and loss of blood made me incapable of feeling it. There was no pain for a few days, till it was brought on by the swelling of my arm on the twelve days' ride to the coast." Captain Noyes, attack-ed in the same district by a lion in 1895. was charged down, and bitten, until the creature left him, probably when attacked by his servants. His hand was badly bitten but he "was not conscious of any feeling of fear, or any pain whatever, probably be-cause there was no time, but felt exactly as if he had been bowled over in a football match, and nothing more." A far worse accident was that which befell Lieutenant Vandezee in the same year, near Beira. The lion charged him down in the usual way, and mangled his thighs and fractured one of his arms. "During the time the attack on me by the lion was in progress," he writes, "I felt no pain what-ever, although there was a distinct feeling of being bitten—that is, I was perfectly conscious, independently of seeling the per-formance, that the llon was gnawing at me, but there was no pain. * * I may menscrambled up and took a loaded rifle and fired at the carcass."

BEAUTIFUL KILLARNEY.

It Takes Three Days to "Do" Its Attractions Thoroughly.

From the London Times. A certain tourist, who was doing all the sights of the Holy Land with painful earto inquire of this bustling traveler why, having come so far, he rushed away so quickly. "Sir," replied the Yankee, "I am timed to do Europe in a fortnight. I have thrown in the Holy Land, and if I stay here longer than one night I cannot see Killar ney, which takes three days." That American had been well advised. Energetic, bustling tourists have endeavored to see all the beauties of the place in one day, and though they have been delighted and overwhelmed by what they saw, they have not

been able to restrain a pang of regret at the thought of what they had missed. Killarney, if not in itself, at least by description, is known the world over, and has a great reputation to maintain; but, unlike many other places of renown, it does not belie it. The lakes of Killarney may not prove to be quite as the stranger anticipated, but the impression he carr away is none the less one of profound admiration and wonder. The particular charm which enwraps him is that of the peaceful loveliness and serenity of the whole, and this strikes home with increased conviction after passing by the waterway from the upper to the lower lake. The former sheet of water, enveloped as it is by ragged peaks and gloomy, unclothed mountains, cannot vie with the lower lake, whose magnificent stretch of sliver waves is fringed and caressed by foliage and trees, by rich meadows and sweet-smelling blooms, while the rugged outline of the wild hills is softened by the purple haze, and space is lost in an infinity of gracefu ations. The boat ride from the far edge of the upper lake to the ruins of Ros assured it will linger in the memory

last day. CEARNING CHINESE.

Tone of the Voice Changes the Mean ing of a Word. From the Youth's Companion.

The oldest spoken language now existent upon the earth is the Chinese. It has an enormous list of words-the estimate of the number of characters ranges from 25. 000 to 260,000. The language has an alphabet. Each character represents a complete idea, and corresponds, practically, to the English word. It is written in columns from top to bottom of the page, and from right to left. A Chinese book ends where an English book begins. Writing is done with a fine camel's hair brush and india

The lack of an alphabet and the numbe of characters make the labor of learning to read Chinese burdensome. Each character must be learned by itself. When the stu-dent has mastered 5,000 characters the succeeding thousands must be learned in the same way. Those which he has mastered no assistance to learning the others save as practice may have given him a ce tain quickness in perceiving the peculiar form which distinguishes each character

from its fellows.

The grammar of the language is so sin ple as to be almost non-existent. The same word serves indifferently as a noun, verb, adverb or adjective. Moods, tenses, per-sons, gender and number are lacking; there are neither conjugations nor declensions nor auxiliary verbs. The few Chinese who have attempted to master the English tongue regard its grammatical construction as clumsy and full of pitfalls.

The Chinese characters give no clue to the pronunciation, and no amount of book study will enable a foreigner to speak the language. That ability must be acquired from the line of a living teacher consisted.

language. That ability must be acquired from the lips of a living teacher, assisted by months of drill, a quick ear, and great flexibility of the vocal organs. Even the most faithful effort falls to enable many foreigners to speak Chinese correctly.

Chester Holcombe, for many years interpreter to the United States legation at Pekin, from whose interesting book, "The Real Chinaman," we have copied, relates several anecdotes illustrative of a foreigner's almost inevitable blunders in speaking Chinese.

Chinese.

Mr. Holcombe once heard a venerable missionary address the Delty in prayer, before a crowded Chinese audience, as "O, thou omniverous God." He meant to say "omniscient," but used an aspirated instead of an unaspirated ch. Another missionary saw with astomisment the audience hursian with leave his chapel, in response to what saw with astonishment the audience hurriedly leave his chapel, in response to what he thought was an invitation from his lips

she commenced legal proceedings to recover it, but failed in her endeavor.

Return ti Spiritualism.

Between the time of Dr. Kane's death and the publication of her book she resumed more or less the practice of a spiritualist.

But when she instituted the lawsuit she had become a Catholic, and therefore was not permitted by the Catholic Church to practice spiritualism. Somewhat later she practice spiritualism. Somewhat later she relayed and returned to spiritualism. Darks

SUFFER BUT LITTLE PAIN to them to be seated. An aspirated t had turned the supposed speech of welcome into the information what they had made a mistake in entering the chapel.

In Chinese the Jonelin which a word is spoken determines its meaning as much as the sound does. For instance, in Chinese a man ceases to be a man if you change the tone of the voice in uttering the word, and may become a disease, a nightingale, or corrot. One tone, and one only, expresses man. There are four of these tones in standard or mandarin dialect—a high-

presses man. There are four of these tones in standard or mandarin dialect—a high-curving inflection and a falling inflection. The sound "man," if uttered in the first tone, means brazen-faced; in the second, to hide; in the third; full; and in the fourth, slow. These four tones are the occasions of absurd blunders.

A missionary once informed his audience that the Savior, when on earth, "went about eating cake." He intended to say, "healing the sick," but an aspirate wrongly placed changed the healing into eating, while an error in tone made cakes out of while an error in tone made cakes out of

On one occasion, when Mr. Holcombe was the host of a large dinner party, he crdered his Chinese butier to supply some small article that was not on the table. The man seemed puzzled, then went out and returned with the kitchen upon a tray. The host had placed an aspirate where it ald not belong.

At another time the cook was told to buy

At another time the cook was told to 100 "ladles' fingers" for an evening party. Two hours later he entered the courtyard of the American legation riding upon the chart of a Chinese cart, and reported that shaft of a Chinese cart, and reported that he had been able to buy in all Pekin only sixty-four "ladles" fingers." "Why did you hire a cart?" he was asked. "To bring them home-they weigh five or six pound

Instead of tiny strips of sponge cake to be served with ice cream, he had bought sixty-four fresh ox-tongues. A wrong tone of his master's voice had done the mischief.

NEW DEWEY STORY.

The Famous Admiral Nearly Started Another War With Mexico.

From the New York Tribune. Lieutenant F. Winslow, U. S. N., retired, cousin of the famous commander of the Kearsarge, is at Albemarle, and yesterday he told a Tribune reporter a new story about Admiral George Dewey.

"In May, 1875, Admiral Dewey was comnander of the old Narragansett," said Lleut. Winsiow, "and he was detailed to surveying the Gulf of California and the shores of the coast of the peninsula. It was not long after the Virginius affair at Santiago, and the feeling toward the Mexicans and Cubans was none too cordial. The Narragansett reached La Paz, near the southern end of the peninsula, and we no coner got ashore than we heard that an American mining engineer and some Englishmen who owned the mine were prisoners in their mining shanties, forty miles back of La Paz, in the mountains. The American had resented an insult, a quarrel followed, and the American killed two Mexicans. The friends of the latter swore they'd kill the Yankee and the Englishmen too, and the latter were soon obliged to barricade themselves. This siege had been on for several days when we dropped an-

"As soon as Commander Dewey heard of it he was very much interested. The next day he sent a messenger to the Mexical colonel in La Paz, who had a garrison of 600 soldiers there, asking him what he was going to do to give the American a trial before he was shot.

"'Oh, he got into the trouble-let him get out, said the Mexican, "Commander Dewey didn't like this reply, and the more he thought about it the angrier he got. The next forenoon he sent a note to the Mexican colonel telling him that an American citizen's life was in danger, and that the man was entitled to a fair trial. He told the colonel that he would al-

American and protect the Englishmen. If at the end of that time relief was not on its way to the little mining party he would bombard La Paz and burn it. "When we heard what Dewey had done

ow him just twenty-four hours to rescue the

we were all frightened.
"Does he mean it?" we asekd one another. "As for myself, I was soon satisfied that he meant every word of it. I was in command of the guns. We had only two old howitzers on the Narragansett, the larger guns having been that temporarily at the Mare Island navy yard." "Get those boutters ready for the larger than the larger words."

sights of the Holy Land with painful earnestness, was scandalized to see an American arrive one afternoon, hurry round all the sacred places, and make ready to depart betimes on the morrow. He ventured to inquire of this bustling traveler why, storming force. We drilled the men all that afternoon and far into the night. That night, on Commander Dewey's order, w steamed to a point commanding the prin-cipal streets of La Paz and trained the

howitzers on the town. By next morning we were all ready to begin a second war against Mexico. "At daybreak a Mexican corporal came of board with a message from his colonel saying that the Narragansett commander request would be complied with. Early morning we watched 300 armed can soldiers start for the mining camp La Paz till the soldiers returned with the American engineer. When Dewey reported o Washington on the matter he minimized the importance of it, and it was passed over as a mere incident. Lieutenants Har is and Wright were on the Narraganset hen, and Harris, at least, was with th fleet at Manila. It is somewhat singular that at that time, when we were expecting a declaration of war against Spain on ac Dewey had his plans all made to sail th

---Curious Christian Names.

Narragansett to Manila "

From Notes and Queries. I remember hearing the following story from the late Canon Bardsley, author of "English Names and Surnames." There was once a woman-"a little 'cracky,' think," said the canon, by way of parenthesis-who had a son whom she had christened "What." Her idea seems to have been that when in after days he was asked described. It must be enjoyed; and rest his name, and kept saying "What," amusing scenes would sollow, which was likely enough, especially if the boy was careful to pronounce the aspirate. Such a scene did, I believe, occur once when he went to school, and was told, as a newcomer, to stand up and furnish certain particulars "What is your name?" asked the teacher. "What," blurted out the boy, amid the "What," blurted out the laughter of the class. "What is your name?" asked the master again, with more emphasis. "What," replied the boy. "Your emphasis. gogue. "What, What!" roared back the terrified urchin. The sequel I forget, but it terrified urchin. The sequel I forget but it terrified urchin. "What, What!" roared back the believe it was one of those cases in which the follies of the parents are visited on the children of the first generation.

A Sure Thing.

"I want to be sure," said the aged philan thropist, "that mysmoney will, after my death, remain in this country, where made it, and the home of my adoption." "Have you thought of any way this can be fully assured?" inquired his lawyer. "I have," replied the philanthropist, con-fidently. "I am going to leave it to a for-eign missionary society."

The Silk Skirt Wrist. From the Colorado Springs Gazette.

There's a new disease prevailing, each physician's skill assailing, and in baffling diagnosis it perversely doth persist;

Tho' no microbe in it's lurking 'tis insidiously working, and the healers wise for once have dubbed it simply—"silk skirt wrist."

attacks the winsome madeen with her summer freshness laden, and confines itself exclusively unto the fairer sex; at they do not care to care it, but are willing to endure it, and they revel in the glory which this new disease reflects.

requires a proper holding of the outer skirt, and folding, to expose the bright-hued nearsilk underneath sufficiently, hat the sliken robe may dangle into view, a certain angle of the hand must be maintained with firmness and persistency.

maiden soon discovers that the sad affliction hovers all around her, yet she never for a moment has a fear; she trips the highway daily with her garments rustling gayly, and she holds them in such manner that the silk one doth appear. What are sching wrist and fingers, or the pain that in them lingers? What's the difference if the silk skirt wrist disease attacks the maid?

maid?

tis better far to suffer than to be a silly duffer and go out upon the street without the
swishing skirt displayed. when next you hear a rustle, mark the region of the bustle and you'll see with what dexterity she gives the proper twist he overskirt, disclosing gaudy silk that is reposing underneath its snd then rest assured she has the "silk akirt wrist."

forts to Smuggle Liquor Aboard Ship.

From the New York Tribune. While the warships lay at anchor off Tompkinsville a few days ago two bumboat women and a bumboat man came to blows in the course of an argument over their espective rights to trade with the returned jack tars. Although not always fought for so valiantly, the privilege of bumboating is always greatly sought after, and the profits of the business are generally so large in proportion to the outlay that it is an occupation likely to flourish as long as there

are ships and sailors.

The ordinary landlubber does not have oc-

casion to know much about bumboats or their proprietors, and it is ten chances to one that his acquaintance with them is limited to the one classic bumboat woman of song, Little Buttercup in "Pinafore." But to the sailor the bumboat men and But to the sallor the bumboat men and women are highly important members of society, and if they should cease to ply their trade he would find himself deprived of many a luxury that he now enjoys. The captains of all vessels recognize the value of the bumboats as a means of keeping look contented when he is in sight of either. Jack contented when he is in sight of either a home or a foreign port. Without their visits he would be far more persistent in his demands for shore leave, since he would be able to represent, reasonably enough, that he was enjoying no benefit from the ship's nearness to land. But the bumboats bring him all the tempting articles in the way of food that he could possibly find ashore, and, though these things make up the greater part of their stock, they frethe greater part of their stock, they frequently have besides various little curios, pieces of jewelry and other articles characeristic of the country to which they belong. Bumboat women are often washer-women as well, and they are only too glad to relieve the sailor—for a consideration—of his laundry duties as long as the ship remains in the neighborhood.

Every bumboat proprietor must have a written permission from the captain of the vessel he desires to trade with and he written permission from the captain of the vessel he desires to trade with, and he must exhibit this as soon as he comes alongside. Then an officer of the ship goes aboard the bumboat and makes an examaboard the bumboat and makes an examination of the stock, to see that no liquor is being smuggled into the sailors' possession. To be absolutely sure of this the officer must be well up in the tricks of the trade. All sorts of ingenious expedients are devised by the bumboat proprietors, in collusion with the over ready seamen. are devised by the bumboat proprietors, in collusion with the ever ready seamen. Whisky and other spirits are brought aboard in the most unexpected ways, and the success of a scheme must depend chiefly upon its novelty. The large claws of lobsters carefully scooped out and filled up with liquor have served to convey many a drink aboard, and they hold more than would be generally supposed. Innocent appearing strings of sausages have also been discovered on investigation to be not sausages at all, but the empty cases of them discovered on investigation to be not sau-sages at all, but the empty cases of them filled with whisky. Even loaves of bread have concealed in their centers little pouch-es of the greatly prized liquid, and there are numbers of other devices showing an admirable gift of invention on the part of the bumboat people

Many of the tricks are discovered only Many or the tricks are discovered only after the sailors have given repeated and unmistakable proofs of having been well supplied with liquor. Then the officers cudgel their brains to find out by what means the stuff could have been obtained, and finally suspent some article of the hum. and finally suspect some article of the bumboat stock.

Besides examning the goods, the officer

who boards the bumboat also looks over the schedule of prices and decides whether or not they are exorbitant. This is to proor not they are exorbitant. This is to protect the seamen, who are proverbially no match for the traders at a bargain, from being swindled by extortionate prices. Occasionally, of course, the boats bring odd wares, for which no prices can well be scheduled, but the staple articles of their stock, such as fresh fruits, vegetables and sweetments, are all valued at contain rates. sweetmeats, are all valued at certain rates. The officers themselves very seldom make any purchases, unless in an emergency they happen to be in need of some article for their own table.

There is probably not a port at which ships ever touch where the business of bumboating does not exist. In China it is especially active, as well as at the various ports of Indo-China and British India. umboatmen of Alexandria, Egypt, are said to be the laziest of their profession. Too indoient to make an effort to get alongside a ship, they sail aimlessly up and down among vessels in the harbor, crying monotonously, "Ebryting! ebryting! intended to describe the extensiveness of their wares, but it is deceptive, for they usually have next to nothing to sell. Someimes they rouse themselves just ship is about to depart, and come alongside offering pigeons and other birds and an nals, which the sailors often buy for pets n far-away Madagascar the natives are en husiastic bumboat traders, and frequently

warm about the ship in great numbers. FIGHT WITH CUBAN BANDITS.

How Maj. Harrison Captured the No torious Outlaw Leader Trocan. From the New York Tribune.

Major Duncan B. Harrison of the 9th United States Volunteer Colored Infantry says he knows that there are bandits in Cuba, because he has killed them. The major has recently returned from Cuba where he served during the entire campaign. His military record bears the folowing statement over the signature of Col G. J. Crane, who commanded the regiment: "Largely instrumental in suppressing brigandage in Santiago province, Cuba. In command of expedition of 9th Regiment, which had combat with Cuban banditti near Santa Ana, Cuba, resulting in killing four banditti, wounding five and capturing eleven, including the notorious leader, Prudencia Beal, alias Trocan. Received flesh wound in right leg. Service honest and faithful. Always zealous and energtic, a

loyal assistant." The story of the fight with the banditti mentioned in the military record was told by Major Harrison to a Tribune reporter last evening at the Hotel Imperial. Here it is in his own words:

it is in his own words:
"On the night of March 20, 1890, a band of
banditti ambushed two of the wagoners of
our regiment and murdered them. One of the men was virtually shot to pieces. don't believe I have ever seen a body outrageously mutilated. The following day I started out with twelve picked men and succeeded in capturing five bandits at Santa succeeded in capturing nive bandles at Santa Ana, the largest sugar plantation in the province of Santiago. I sent back a sergeant and four men with the prisoners, requesting that reinforcements be sent to me at once, as I had positive information that there were from 100 to 150 men in the bar dittl contingent. With the remaining seve men I pushed on for three days and four nights to San Tomaso, a banditti strong-hold, about eighty-six miles distant from Santa Ana. At San Tomaso we raided all the shacks of the bandits, capturing sever or sprisoners. We had considerable skir-ishing at long distance during the trip, and finally becoming convinced that the and finally becoming convinced bandits had doubled on us and bandits had doubled on us and taken the mountain roads to Palma Saviana, I made a detour over the mountains back to Santa Ana, where I rested my men and mules and placed the prisoners behind the bars. The reinforcements had not yet arrived. "In the meantime a band of thirty-two banditti, led by the notorious Roque brothers; Chino, or China, so-called because, although a Cuban, he looks exactly like a Chinaman, and the celebrated bandit leader, Prudencia Breal, alias Trocan, or 'Big Stump,' had made a detour and endeavored to surround us. They opened fire with a volley, keeping well under cover in the brush about a hundred yards distant on the other side of the Yarang river. I ordered my men to dismount and immediately deploy as skirmishers. We returned the fire by volleys. The bandits were all armed with Mauser rifles, using smokeless powder, except two men. One of these had a Remington carbine, 43 caliber, and the other carried a Springfield rifle, 45 caliber. Both of them used black powder, and it was only when they fired that we could locate the band.

"We drove them back, forded the stream." on us and taken the ountain roads to Palma Saviana, I

"We drove them back, forded the stream, killed four of the bandits, wounded seven and captured eleven, with their ponies, horses and ammunition. Finally we drove them to the open, and gave them four solid volleys before those who were left of the band mounted their swift ponies and got their wounded comrades to their borses. After picking up the wounded and burying

the dead, we placed the prisoners with the others at Santa Ana.

"About 2:30 o'clock the next morning, while standing outpost with my men-for the force was so small that I personally did guard duty-I saw Trocan step out in the moonlight, 200 yards or so from my outpost. Hiding myself as best I could in the shadow of the brush and undergrowth, I crawled down to him, and when within fifteen yards I made a rush at him. He swung at me with his machete, but I had the good fortune to hit him first. As he went down I drove my knee into his neck, at the same time shoving a .45 caliber Colt revolver into his mouth. Captain Wm. Lowrey of Company K arrived just at this juncture with the reinforcements, and came to my assistance with two of my own men, who had heard the struggle.

had heard the struggle.
"We bound Mr. Trocan and took all the "We bound Mr. Trocan and took all the prisoners to camp near San Luis. En route two of them attempted to escape and were killed. Trocan is absolutely the largest man I have ever seen. He is six feet seven and one-half inches tall, weighing fully 260 pounds. His chest measurement is fifty-six inches. He was known as Maceo's executioner and boasts of having strangled cutioner and boasts of having strangled. cutioner, and boasts of having strangled 130 prisoners, seven of whom were Americans. I brought his pony to America with

me.
"This incident illustrates the gallantry of the colored soldiers. On the first volley fired I had taken the rifle of the nearest man. Corporal Franklin of Company E. When the contest was over I turned to him and saw the tears translation. saw the tears streaming from his eyes. asked him what the trouble was, and replied:
"'Major, you didn't even give me one

shot at 'em, and Gottschalk was my pal.'
"Gottschalk was the wagoner who was so
fearfully butchered."

MAKING WALL PAPER. The Interesting Process Briefly and

Instructively Described. From the Philadelphia Times. The manufactoure of wall paper is singularly interesting. First, a web of blank paper is set in a reel behind a blotching

machine; two cylinders bring the free end of the paper into the machine, where a roller working in a color pan puts a large quantity of color upon the paper in blotches. Then a set of flat brushes, called jiggers, brush quickly back and forth, thus spreading the coloring matter evenly over the surface of the paper. As the paper comes from the blotching

machine a workman takes one end of it, wraps it around a stick and places the stick across two parallel endless chains, and the paper is thus carried up an incline. When eighteen feet of it has run out, the chains take up another stick that lies across them. and carry it up as they did the first stick; a third stick soon follows the second, and thus the work continues until the entire web of paper has been run out of the blotching machine.

The chains, in their working, hang the

paper in loops over a system of steampipes, and it is thus thoroughly dried before it reaches the end of the chain work, where it s again wound into web form. Wall paper designs are first sketched on paper, and then transferred to rollers of the size required. It is necessary to prepare as many rollers as there are colors in the design; thus, if the design requires printing in

eight colors, eight rollers must be prepared.

When all of the rollers are ready the artist directs his workmen and each one is given a color. A workman to whom that color has been given takes a roller to his bench, sets it firmly in the grasp of a vise, and, with hammers, files, brass ribbons and brass rods, goes to work. Every bit of the design that is to be in green is traced out for him and he carefully reproduces it

in relief on the roller.

When his work is finished, the roller bears on its face, in raised brass, green stems, leaves, etc., and at the proper time and place will put the green coloring and shading just where the designer intended it should be. In like manner the other rol-lers are made ready for use, and they are then taken to a press that has a large cylinder of the width of ordinary wall paper. There are grooves around the sides and the bottom of this cylinder, into which are fitted the rods on the ends of the rollers, and when in position, the faces of the rollers just touch the cylinder. An endless cloth band comes to each of the cloth band comes to each of the rollers from below, each band works in a color pan, which contains, in liquid form, the coloring matter to be carried on the roller to which the band belongs.

Each roller is placed in such position that the part of the design upon it will strike

When all is ready the paper that has passed through the blotching machin rapidly, and soon the paper is beautifully printed. At each of the endiess cloth bands there is a steel scraper called a doctor, and it is the doctor's duty to prevent too much

iquid from the other pans from getting on he rollers. The wall paper press throws off ten rolls of paper a minute, and each roll contains sixteen yards. It is said that stamped paper for walls was first manufactured in Holland about the year 1555. Some of the very costly wall paper in use nowadays is

beautifully embossed and hand-painted Unclaimed Fortunes.

From Leslie's Weekly. The extraordinary revelation was made at a recent meeting of the State Savings Bank Association of New York that there were in the savings banks of the empire state \$1,500,000 in dormant accounts. The savings banks of New York state now hold about \$700,000,000 of the people's money, and the dormant accounts of \$1,500,000 remain without any evidence that their owners will ever call for them. Some of them have been dormant for over fifty years. One bank in the city of Albany reported that its unclaimed accounts aggregated over \$27,000. Some of these accounts have \$27,000. Some of these accounts have claimants who will appear in due season. The owner of one of them, for instance, is that popular American, Senator Chauncey M. Depew. He had never presented his pass book to have his interest entered, M. Depew. He had never presented h pass book to have his interest entere though his account had more than double while it lay dormant. We must indeed be a rich and prosperous nation when we can overlook a little item of over \$1,500,000 ly-

Cuttin' Rushes Long Ago.

From Blackwood's Magazine. Oh, maybe it was yesterday, or fifty years ago Meself was risin' early on a day for cur walkin' up the Brabla' burn, still the sun was low. Now I'd hear the burn run and then I'd hear the thrushes.
Young, still young!—an' drenchin' wet the grass,
Wet the golden honeysuckle hangin' swert!

down;
Here, lad, here! will ye follow where I pass,
An' find me cuttin' rushes on the mountain Then was it only yesterday, or fifty years or so?
Rippin' round the bog peels high among the heather,
The hook it made me hand sore, I had to lave it Twas he that cut the rushes then for me to bind

together.

Come, dear. come!—an' back along the burn
See the darlin' honeysuckle hangin' like a crown
Quick, one kiss! Sure, there's some one at the turn!

"Oh, we're afther cuttin' rushes on the mountain."

Yesterday, yesterday, or fifty years ago • • • I waken out o' dreams when I hear the summe thrushes.
Oh, that's the Brabla' burn, I can hear it sing an' green tushes.

Run, burn, run! Can ye mind when we were young?

The honeysuckle hears. flow, For all that's fair, I'd sconer see a bunch o' young?
The honersnickle hangs above, the pool is dark an' brown;
Sing, burn, run! Can ye mind when we were sung The day we cut the rushes on the mountain?

Peace Out in the Fields.

The little cares that fretted me
I lost them yesterday.
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.
The foolish fears of what might past
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the hushing of the corn,
Where drowsy popples not,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
Out in the fields of God.

Written for The Evening Star by C. J. M. The Sunshine knew I loved her for the laughter

And for the witching smile that wraps the Earth in bright disguise,

And wrought for me an image softly touched with
kisses rare, kisses rare, And so the world is richer for this visage del

Misshapen Piles That Are Both Sub-

lime and Ridiculous.

PAGODAS OF INDIA

NO HINT OF ORIGIN OR PURPOSE

Granite Bull of Tanjore is Kept Anointed With Grease.

VITALITY OF HINDOOISM

From the London Mail.

Southward out of Madras you still run through the new India, the old India of the nursery. Now it is vivid with long grass, now tufted with cotton, then dark green with stooping palm heads or black with firs, anon brown with fallow, blue with lakes and lagoons, black with cloud-shadowing pools stained with white water lilles. Presently red hills break out of the woods, then sink again to sweeping pastures dotted only with water hoists and naked herdsmen. Then in the placid landscape you are almost startled by the sight of monuments of religion. A tail quadrangular pyramid, its course lined with rude statues, a couple of half-shaped human figures, ten times human size, a ring of colossal hobby horses sitting on their haunches like a tea party in wonderlandthey burst grotesquely out of meadow and thicket, standing all alone with the soil and the trees No worshipers, no sign of human life near them, no hint of their origin or purpose—till you almost wonder whether they are artificial at all and not petrified monsters from the beginning of

These are the outposts of the great pago-das of southern India—those sublime mon-strosities which scarce any European ever strosties which scarce any European ever sees, which most have never heard of, but which afford perhaps the strongest testi-mony in all India at once to the vitality and the incomprehensibility of Hindooism. The religion that inspired such toilsome de-votion must be one of the greatest forces in history, yet the western mind can dethe mistory, yet the western mind can detect neither any touch of art in the monuments themselves nor any strain of beauty in the creed. Both command your respect by their size—that which is so vast, so enduring can health the size of the command during, can hardly, you tell yourself, be contemptible. And still you can see nothing in the temples but misshapen piles of un-couthness, nothing in the religion but unearthly superstitions, half-meaningless and

Oriental Incongruity. The nearest approach to a symmetrical

building is the great pagoda of Tanjore, Long before you near the gate you see its pyramidal tower shooting free above crooked streets and slanting roofs. Presently you see the lower similar towers, so far from the first that you would never call them part of the same building. In reality they are the outer and inner gateways gopura is their proper name—built in mas-sive diminishing courses, garnished with carving and statuary. From a distance the massive solemnity of their outlines, the stone lace of their decorations, strike you with an overwhelming assertion of rich majesty. But you are in India and you wait for the inevitable incongruity. It comes at the very gate. The entrance is not under the stately gopure, but under a screen and scaffolding of lath and plaster daubed with yellow and green grotesqueness, men with lotus eyes looking out of their temples, horses with heads like snakes and kings as tail as elephants. There is to be a great festival in a day or two, explains the suave Brahmin; there-fore, the gopuras are boarded up with pictures beside which the tapestries of our You walk through scaffold poles into a great square round the great tower, and with reverence they show you that colossal mopolith, the great bull of Tanjore. I wish I could show you a picture of him, for words are unequal to him. In size he stands, ow rather sits, thirty-eight hands two. His material is black granite, but it is kept so piously anointed with grease that he looks as if he were made of toffer In attitude he suggests a roast hare, and he wears a half-smug, half-coquettish ex-pression, as if he hoped that nobody would

Visit to the Shrines. From this wonder you pass to the shrines of the chief gods. The unbeliever may not enter, but you stand at the door while a man goes along the darkness with a flambeau. The light falls on silk and tinsel, and by faith you can divine a seated image at the end. Next you are at the foot of the great tower, and the ridiculous has become the sublime again. Every story is lined with serene-faced gods and goddesses, dwindling rank above rank, a ladder of dei-

ties that seems to climb halfway up heaven.
Then the Brahmin shows you a stone bull seated on the ground, like a younger broth-er of the great one. "It is in existence," he says, throwing out his words in groups, dispassionately, as though somebody else were passionatery, as though somebody else were speaking and it were nothing at all to do with him—"it is in o istence—to show the dimensions—of four other bulls—which are in existence—up there." You lay your head back between your shoulder blades and up

gods or only panels or pillars, are four more little brothers of the hare-shaped toffee-textured monster below.

The Keynote of Hindoo Art. Reduplication is the keynote of the Hindoo art. The same bulls everywhere, the same gods everywhere, and all round the cloistered outer wall scores on scores of granite, fat-dripping, flower-crowned emblems, so crudely shapeless that you forget their gross significance, but all absolutely alike. Next he leads you aside to piles and piles of what look like overgrown, gaudily painted children's toys. This is an exact facsimile of the tower, reduced and imitated in wood. It is all in pieces, but at the festival the parts are fitted together and carried on a car. Every god scuiptured on the pyramid is represented in a section of this model, waiting to be fitted into his place. Only what is richly meliow in tinted stone is garishly tawdry in king's colloured stone is garishly tawdry in king's colloured. ed stone is garishly tawdry in king's yellow

and red lead to the infantile Next a little shrine that is a net of the Next a little shrine that is a net of the most delicate carving—stone as light and fantastic as wood. Pillar and panel, mold-ing and cornice, lattice and imagery, all tapering gracefully till they become miniatures at the summit-it is a gem of ex-quisite taste and patient labor. And the very next minute you are again among flaming red and yellow dragon tigers and peacocks, and the one is just as holy and just as beautiful to its worship

Sublime and Ridiculous.

That is all, except to write your name in the visitors' book. As I went in to sign I noticed a band of musicians standing at the door and thought no more of it. But as my pen touched the paper suddenly reedy pipes and discordant fiddles and heavy tamtams began to play "God Save the Queen." A huge chaplet of muslin and tinsel, like a magnified Christmas tree stocking, was cast about my neck, betel and attar or rose were brought up in silver vessels and flowers and fruits on silver trays, pagoda keeps its character to the end compliment was sublime, and I was ridicu

Yet the Temple of Tanjore is the most simple and orderly of all its kind. Visit the great pagoda of Madura and you will come out mazed with Hindooism. All its mysteries and incongruities, its lofty metaphysics and its unabashed lewdness, seem to brood over its dark chambers and crannying passages. The place is engaged. to brood over its dark chambers and cranny-ing passages. The place is enormous. Over the four chief gateways rise huge pyramid towers, colored like hariequins, red tigers jostling the multiplied arms and legs of blue and yellow gods and goddesses so thick that the gopuras seem built of them. In the pure sunlight you almost blush for their crudity, just as you would blush if the theater roof were lifted off during a mati-nee.

Never chase your own hat when it blows off in a gale of wind; just stand still, and you will presently see half-a-dozen persons in pursuit of it. When one has captured it, walk leisurely toward him, receive it with a graceful acknowledgment, and place it on your head; he will invariably act as if you had done him a favor. Try it.—Tit-Bits.